

Du. Sen. True is it, that we have scene better dayes,
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore sit you downe in gentleness,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary steppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suffic'd,
Opprest with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go finde him out.

And we will nothing waste till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.

Du. Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone vnhappy:
This wide and vniuersall Theater
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Scene
Wherein we play in.

Ja. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, meere Players;
They haue their *Exits* and their *Entrances*,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His *Acts* being seuen ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurses armes:
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Lover,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Ielous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Even in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice,
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes seuer, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthfull hose well sau'd, a world too wide,
For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,
Turning againe toward childish treble pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventfull historie,
Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.

Enter Orlando with A lam.

Du. Sen. Welcome: set downe your venerable bur-
then, and let him feede.

Orl. I thanke you most for him.

Ad. So had you neede,
I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes:
Giue vs some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Song.

*Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not so unkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not scene,
although thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
Most friendship, is sayning; most Louing, meere folly.
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most iolly.*

*Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh
as benefitts forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
as freind remembered not.
Heigh ho, sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,
As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.

Du. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wherefore he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we leize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well push him out of dores
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extort vpon his house and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verse, in witness of my loue,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night suruey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spheare about
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.
O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile characte,
That euerie eye, which in this Forrest looks,
Shall see thy vertue witness euery where.
Run, run *Orlando*, carue on euery Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressiue thee.

Exit.

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life *Mr Touchstone*

Cl.

Clow. Truly Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a
good life; but in respect that it is a shepherds life, it is
naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well:
but in respect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now
in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in
respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare
life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no
more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke.
Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens,
the worse at ease he is: and that hee that wants money,
meanes, and content, is without three good friends. That
the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That
good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of
the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath lear-
ned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good
breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Cl. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:

Was't euer in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Cl. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Cl. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge,
all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Cl. Why, if thou neuer wast at Court, thou neuer
saw'st good manners: if thou neuer saw'st good manners,
then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin,
and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state shep-
heard.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchstone*, those that are good ma-
ners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as
the behaviour of the Countrey is most mockeable at the
Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but
you kisse your hands; that courtesie would be vncleanlie
if Courtiers were shepherds.

Cl. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their
Fels you know are greasie.

Cl. Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and
is not the grease of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat
of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say:
Come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Cl. Your lips will feeble them the sooner. Shallow a-
gain: a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tart'd ouer, with the surgery
of our sheepe: and would you haue vs kisse Tarre? The
Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuer.

Cl. Most shallow man: Thou wormes meate in re-
spect of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wise
and perpend: Ciuer is of a baser birth then Tarre, the
verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shep-
heard.

Cor. You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest.

Cl. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow
man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I came that I care: get
that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happi-
nesse; glad of other mens good content with my harme:
and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, &
my Lambes sucke.

Cl. That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the
Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your
liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bay'd to a Bel-
weather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a tweluemonth

to a crooked-pated
reasonable match. If
diuell himselfe will h
how thou shouldst se

Cor. Heere comes
ses Brother.

E

Ref. From the

no iewe

Hir worth be

through

All the pictures

are but

Let no face bee

but the

Cl. Ile rime you

and suppers, and flee

Butter-womens rank

Ref. Out Foole.

Cl. For a taste.

If a Hart doe l

Let him

If the Cat will

so be su

*W*intred garne

so must

They that reap

then too

Sweetest wit, h

such a

He that sweete

must fin

This is the verie false

fect your selfe with th

Ref. Peace you du

Cl. Truly the tr

Ref. Ile graffe it

with a Medler: then

try: for you'll be rotti

the right vertue of th

Cl. You haue said

Forrest iudge.

Enter Cl

Ref. Peace, here co

Cel. Why thou

for it is

Tonges Ile han

that sh

Some, how bri

runs bi

That the stre

buckles

Some of violat

twixt t

But vpon the f

or at en

Will I *Rosalind*

teachin

The quintess

heauen

Therefore heau

that on

With all Graces

nature